company entered Katherine Hall, making its way through the bewildered crowd. A quarter of an hour later guards had been posted at all doors and windows on the ground floor, and squads of soldiers of the 176th Regiment were clearing the building.

Calls began to come in from the barracks. The soldiers were returning their arms. The regimental committees assured us that their regiments had not participated in the pogroms and regretted having taken part in the demonstrations. From almost every regiment came the question: "Is it true you have called troops from the front?" We confirmed the news. "Yes, we have."

The tide turned so suddenly that the Communists did not realize at once that they were beaten. The joint session of the Executive Committees was listening to delegates of the Petrograd garrison, elected on the night of July 15. Some of them came to the platform with loaded guns in their hands. Threatening the "compromisers" and "traitors," they demanded that the Executive Committee depose the government and assume all power. A messenger came running with the report that the Ismailovsky Regiment—one of the largest in Petrograd—was deployed in front of the palace. As in the first days of the revolution, the regiment wanted to present itself to the Executive Committee and asked Chkheidze to come out to receive it. I invited the regiment to enter Katherine Hall and parade there before the Executive Committees of Workers and Peasants.

The regiment marched in to the tune of the *Marseillaise*. The Committee members came out, the Bolshevist leaders and the garrison delegations disappeared. We had won the day.

The commission in charge of the palace's defense met for the last time and wired an order to all regiments of the garrison—to send one platoon for guard service to the Tauride Palace to reinforce the Pavlovsky and 176th Regiments. Shortly before dawn our commission dissolved itself. I stepped out into the garden of the palace. Dizzy after two sleepless nights, I sat down on the flagstone steps and fell asleep.

THE TIDE TURNS

When the task force of the Fifth Army reached the outskirts of Petrograd, all was over. Factories were working as usual and the workers were cursing the Communists for having cheated them. The Bolshevist agitators did not dare appear in the barracks. Men like Jilin maintained their prestige only by stressing their loyalty to the All-Russian Executive Committee. What was wrong, they asked, in reporting the wishes of the people to the comrades in the Tauride Palace?

The pendulum swung to the right. Reactionary forces that had